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ALFRED HALL

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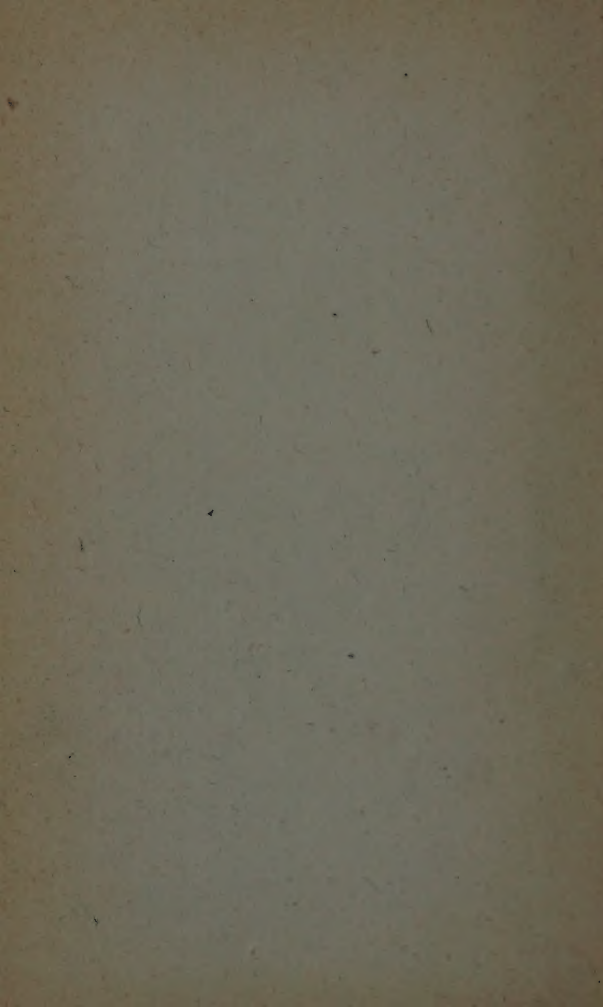
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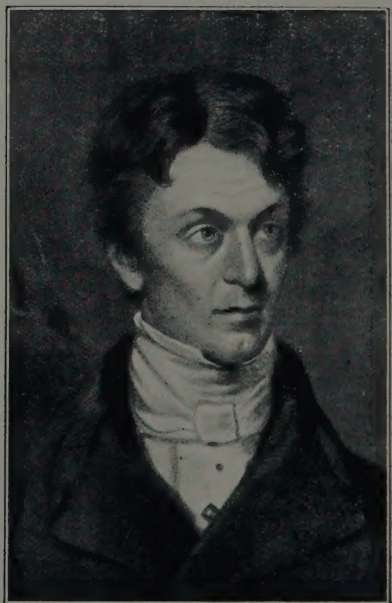
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JAMES MARTINEAU



James Martineau at the age of 42.

From the painting by C. Agar.

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JAMES MARTINEAU

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

BY

ALFRED HALL, M.A.

'A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties.'—JAMES MARTINEAU.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THIS little book has been written in the hope that it will be welcome to young people who ought to know something of James Martineau, whose thinking has had and continues to have a powerful influence upon the best religious life of our time ; also to busy people who have not time to read the larger biographies by Dr. Drummond and Mr. Carpenter.

A. H.

NORWICH, 21 *April*, 1906.

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The only knowledge that can really make us better is not of *things* and their laws, but of *persons* and their thoughts : and I would rather have an hour's sympathy with one noble heart than read the law of gravitation through and through. . . . We lost the true notion of human culture when we threw away the '*lives of the saints.*'

JAMES MARTINEAU.

CHAPTER I

DAYS OF PERSECUTION

IN the year 1685 thousands of Protestant men, women, and children were hurrying out of France, with all the speed they could, to any country that would afford them shelter from persecution. Their King, Louis XIV, had just revoked the Edict of Nantes, which, for nearly ninety years, had permitted all French subjects to worship in their own way, and to be true to the light that shone through their consciences. All this was now to be altered: Protestantism was to be stamped out; Roman Catholicism was to be the only religion recognized in the realm. In order to bring about this change the King took most cruel measures. All Protestant pastors were ordered to leave the country within fifteen days: if they ventured to stay, or to conduct worship again, they were to be doomed to life-long slavery in the galleys. But the opposite order was given to the

members of their congregations. If any of them dared to try to escape from the country, they were to suffer terrible penalties. All the children were to be brought up in future as Roman Catholics.

The Protestants in France were called Huguenots, a word which means 'sworn companions.' For over a century and a half, they had been subjected to persecution, often involving loss of goods and limbs and life. The protection that even the Edict had afforded them, had been very small. But they had endured these sufferings and injustices with bravery and patience, and had cherished the hope that soon brighter days would dawn for them. Imagine, then, how downcast they must have been, when they heard of the new orders from the King. They loved their country and they loved their faith. Which should they forsake? If they resolved to escape from their land, gigantic difficulties were in their way. Guards were stationed along all the frontiers to take them prisoners. The risk they ran was very great. But they could not be faithless to conscience: men and women, old men and children, consequently followed their pastors into exile. Thousands of them were caught and sent to the Mediter-

ranean, to work for the rest of their days as slaves in the galleys. Still, not less than a quarter of a million, and some think over half a million, managed to avoid those who were on the watch. They slipped across the open country by night into the neighbouring states of Holland, Switzerland, and Germany ; or they hid in bales of goods and were landed in England ; or they bribed the guards to let them pass ; or they met with friendly sailors, who were prepared to brave the rough sea with them in their little craft. In after times many a thrilling story of suffering, privation, and adventure was told by these heroic men and women to their children, who therefore had no desire to return to their fathers' land.

The King had made a great mistake : he had driven many of his ablest and noblest subjects from his realm. For the Huguenots were distinguished from their countrymen by their loftiness of character and by their skill as craftsmen. As weavers, paper makers, and workers in iron, as soldiers, doctors, and writers, they had few equals. Indeed, in all the handicrafts and professions, they were occupying the foremost places and had no superiors anywhere in integrity and industry. France never suffered a greater loss than

when she thus drove out her best citizens and her most virtuous women.

Among those who successfully got clear of the country was a young surgeon of Dieppe, named Gaston Martineau. He embarked on a little vessel, and crossed the Channel to England. Another refugee, William Pierre, was on the same vessel with his family. A friendship naturally sprang up between them and the young surgeon. Later, in 1693, William Pierre's daughter, Marie, was wedded to Gaston Martineau at the French Church in Spitalfields, London. Two years afterwards the young couple removed to Norwich.

Before proceeding further, another story must be told of religious persecution, which, though not so severe, is quite as interesting to English people. In 1662, the Parliament of Charles the Second passed the Act of Uniformity, which compelled all clergymen of the Church of England to use the Prayer Book, and the Prayer Book only, in public worship : to give their unfeigned assent and consent to all the teaching contained and prescribed therein : and to receive ordination at the hands of a bishop. Unless they complied with these orders, and publicly declared their willingness to use the Book of Common Prayer, and to abide by its teaching, before the Feast

of St. Bartholomew, 1662, they were forbidden to conduct worship or to preach in their churches again. And on that day, just ninety years after a most brutal massacre of the Huguenots in France, nearly two thousand clergymen showed their readiness to suffer for conscience' sake. They were deprived of their livings : they and their families had to leave the vicarages and homes that had become dear to them : and they were prohibited from instructing their parishioners in religion.

The sufferings many of them underwent were very severe. They wandered with their families homeless and hungry, while men who were unworthy to be clergymen, were permitted to take their places. A few years later, they were even forbidden to meet together for worship with a few friends in a private house, or to approach within five miles of their old parish.

Among those who suffered was Henry Finch, who had been vicar of Walton, in Lancashire. He had several little children dependent upon him. One of them, named Peter, who afterwards became the minister of the Norwich Presbyterian Chapel, was born in this year, 1662. He was therefore too young to remember that his father, after being driven from his home, endeavoured to earn

food for his children by teaching at Warrington, and was so cruelly maltreated that he fled to Manchester, where he met with better fortune.

Another of these 'ejected ministers,' as they were called, was John Meadows, vicar of Ousden, in Suffolk. He had not to undergo such severe trials as Henry Finch : he was a rich man, and was therefore able to save some of his less fortunate brethren from distress. He had married as his second wife, Sarah Fairfax, whose grandfather, Benjamin Fairfax, and whose uncles, Nathaniel and John, had also preferred being ejected from their churches to being false to conscience. They were distantly related to Lord Thomas Fairfax, the Presbyterian general, who supported Cromwell in his struggle with King Charles I.

It is important to remember that Henry Finch, John Meadows, and Benjamin Fairfax, were ancestors of Dr. Martineau ; for the story of the ejected ministers was always fascinating to him, and kindled in his heart a fervent enthusiasm for religious liberty. Further, the pious instruction and good example, which had been passed on from generation to generation in his family, were brought to bear upon him with their accumulated force, and contributed not a little to the development of his character.

CHAPTER II

ANCESTRY AND PARENTAGE

WE saw that Gaston Martineau settled in Norwich with his wife, Marie: his sister also accompanied him. Like most of the refugees, he had not much money when he arrived; and he apparently had no opportunity of following his profession as a surgeon. Norwich had long been famed for the skill of its medical men, and it would have been difficult for a stranger to build up a new practice. He therefore set up in business as a worsted weaver.

He lived in the parish of St. Peter Hungate, where are still to be seen the old houses with their double windows, made large so that the light might fall on the loom, as the hand-weaver plied his task. At one of these, though we cannot say which, Gaston sat and worked for his family. As years went by, he gained honour in the eyes of his fellow-citizens, and was admitted to the

freedom of the city. He became an elder of the French Protestant Church, which was only a few steps from his home. His daughter Mary married Peter Colombine, afterwards sheriff of the city ; and his sons, Gaston and David, married daughters of John Hoyle and Peter Finch, the co-pastors of the English Presbyterian Chapel, then the chief Non-conformist place of worship in Norwich.

His second son, David, a surgeon by profession, married Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter Finch, the son of Henry Finch, the ejected minister. Peter Finch was for sixty-three years minister of the English Presbyterian Chapel, which preceded the present Octagon Chapel. He was a good man, beloved by his congregation, to whom he was a faithful and diligent pastor. The kindliness and gentleness of his nature helped to bind the members together in fellowship. It was said that he seemed to have perfect command over his tongue : he knew when to speak and when to be silent. At his death, Dr. Taylor, who preached his funeral sermon, said it would be no improper design to have it written in letters of gold, as Mr. Finch's maxim :—

' Follow peace.—No point any party among you may possibly gain can be the equivalent for the loss of peace and concord.'

Unfortunately the life of his son-in-law, David Martineau, was brief. He died at the age of thirty-two years, leaving one son and two daughters.

This son was also named David and followed the profession of his father. He was an example of what a doctor should be. His splendid devotion to duty won for him the respect of rich and poor alike : he had more patients than any other doctor in the city, and was consulted in critical cases. His friends were certain that he worked beyond his strength, and often urged him to take more rest ; but while there were suffering people who needed his assistance, he felt he ought not to relax his efforts. His manners were most amiable and kind towards all men, so that the poor had no hesitation in approaching him ; and his skill was at their service, though he knew they could make him little or no return. It was while he was visiting some of his poor patients that he caught a fever, which had broken out in the district ; and worn out by the strenuousness of his life, he had not strength enough to battle with it. He died at the early age of forty-two. The local newspaper of that day said : ‘ No loss in private life can be more extensively felt or more universally lamented.’

He had married Sarah Meadows, the granddaughter of John Meadows of Ousden : she was left a widow with seven children. Great must have been their grief at his death, for he was 'a tender husband, a careful, affectionate parent, a kind relation, and a valuable friend.' Although his professional duties made heavy demands upon him, he found time to spend with his sons and daughters, and to win their love and regard.

The eldest of these children, christened Philip Meadows, became one of the most distinguished physicians of his day, and occupied the position of principal surgeon at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. He was the first to advocate with success, the founding of a Public Library in Norwich, and in 1784, he had the pleasure of seeing started an institution which was the beginning of the present Norfolk and Norwich Public Subscription Library. His daughter, Fanny Ann, was an able and original woman, and one of the first persons in England to urge that girls should be taught not only reading, writing, and arithmetic, but laundry, sewing, cooking, and the general management of a house ; and she started a school to show how this could be done.

The seventh and last child of the self-

sacrificing doctor was Thomas, the father of James Martineau.

Thomas Martineau was only four years old when his father died. Before he was twenty, he was in business as a woollen manufacturer, making bombazines and camlets, good wearing materials, for which Norwich was famous. He married Elizabeth Rankin, of Newcastle. The marriage was very happy. Husband and wife had the same ideals for their children, and they strove hard to give both sons and daughters an excellent education, and to make them men and women of strong, unselfish character. They exercised every kind of self-denial to bring their children up qualified to take care of themselves. They 'pinched themselves in luxuries,' so that they might provide them with the best masters and schooling.

'My father,' wrote his daughter Harriet, 'was the most unselfish of men, who never spoke of his own feelings, but always considered other people's. In our remembrance of him there is no pain on the ground of his character. Humble, simple, upright, self-denying, affectionate to as many people as possible, and kindly to all, he gave no pain, and did all the good he could.'

There was something very playful and

human about him. When it was rumoured that Napoleon was about to land on the Norfolk coast, Harriet heard her father speaking of the probable invasion, and twitched her pinafore in terror. She was inclined to be frightened even at trifles, and the great Napoleon was a terrible monster to her. Seeing that she was afraid, her father called her to him and took her on his knee. 'Papa,' she said, trembling, 'What will you do, if Boney comes?'

'What will I do?' he answered, laughing. 'Why, I will ask him to take a glass of port wine with me.'

After that Boney lost all his terror for Harriet.

Thomas Martineau, though a very able man of business, was not a scholarly man. His friends found in him a capital companion, and took notice of him while he was still young. John Taylor, the hymn writer, mentioned him in his earliest Family Song, when he was only twenty, and could not boast a beard.

'Come forward, young web, though no beard's on
your chin,
You may boast that with wool you can cover your skin.
And young as you are, you have tricks in your head,
Good store of your own and some few of your trade.'

CHORUS.

Every heart light and gay,
Care and spleen far away,
We meet to be merry,
Sing hey down derry,

This day of all days is our jubilee day.'

His daughter spoke of him as an upright man. No one ever deserved the term more. He was the very soul of integrity. Owing to a change in the relations of France with Spain, England lost some of her wool trade, and Thomas Martineau was one of the greatest sufferers. In two years he lost thousands of pounds. In similar circumstances many men would have made some arrangement with their creditors and so escaped the full payment of their debts, but Thomas Martineau and his children had too much sterling honesty to adopt such a course. They saw that it was possible for all the debts to be paid in time, and they believed in paying twenty shillings in the pound. Later, when some one spoke of her father as a bankrupt, Harriet Martineau wrote with indignation, 'My father did not fail.' The position of affairs was placed before the creditors, and every claim was finally met. Only by the devotion, self-sacrifice, and industry of all the members of the family, was this happy result achieved.

Even his daughters shared the responsibility. Rachel and Ellen became governesses, and Harriet took up her pen, and wrote books, which brought fame to herself and honour to the family. Thus good was wrested out of apparent evil.

In 1826 the father died at the age of sixty-two, having suffered the heavy loss of his eldest son Thomas, of whom we shall hear in the next chapter.

James' mother was a noble woman, with great ability and strength of character. Being intensely religious, she endeavoured to bring up her children to love God and man. She was more strict than parents are nowadays : she insisted upon Sunday being spent in quiet, but that was the custom in those days. And while we rejoice in our freedom, we should not forget that the old custom of Sabbath-keeping had great merits, and we should especially remember that the hardships the Puritans had to undergo, as well as their piety and their religion, often prompted them to be more strict both with themselves and their children than we are. If they laid a heavy yoke upon their little ones, they cheerfully bore a double yoke themselves.

No pleasure or trifling inconvenience would

prevent Mrs. Martineau from being present at Sabbath worship. Regularly and punctually she was in her seat at the Octagon Chapel; and she sang from her heart the hymn written by her husband's cousin, John Taylor—

Happy hours! all hours excelling,
When from worldly thoughts withdrawn,
Joyful we approach thy dwelling,
Which the smiles of heaven adorn.

She carried her religion into her daily life. Her illustrious son once wrote that nothing could change her will, when a duty was in sight. She forgot her weariness in devotion to her children; she often sat alone far into the night mending their garments. And she was not only capable of hard and patient work but she had fine instincts, and taught her children to love music and the best literature. Her refinement, which was partly inborn and partly self-acquired, spread to all the members of the family.

These were some of the home influences—integrity in the father and devotion in the mother—that were brought to bear upon James Martineau.

CHAPTER III

EARLY INFLUENCES

JAMES MARTINEAU was born in Norwich, ' . . . a fine old city,' writes George Borrow, ' view it from whatever side you will. There it spreads from north to south, with its venerable houses, its numerous gardens, its thrice twelve churches, its mighty mound, which, if tradition speaks true, was raised by human hands to serve as the grave heap of an old heathen king, who sits deep within it with his sword in his hand and his gold and silver treasures about him. There is a grey old castle on the top of that mighty mound : and yonder, rising three hundred feet above the soil, from among those noble forest trees, behold that old Norman masterwork, that cloud-encircled cathedral spire, around which a garrulous army of rooks and choughs continually wheel their flight. Now, who can wonder that the children of that fine old city are proud of her, and offer up prayers for her prosperity ? '

The house in which James was born, 24, Magdalen Street, is still standing, and is known as 'Martineau House.' It is a three-storied, red brick building with unadorned front, which abuts on to the street. We climb four steps, and entering, find that the hall and the rooms are spacious and lofty. The district in which it is situated was one of the most fashionable in Norwich a hundred years ago : to-day it is one of the busiest and noisiest : day by day thousands of men, women, boys, and girls, walk past the house to and from the factories and workshops near by. There still remain signs of the former splendour of the neighbourhood. If we pass under the archway below the room in which Harriet Martineau wrote her early works, we find, hidden away at the back of Martineau House and the adjacent buildings, gardens which still retain some of their former beauty. From one of the windows James could see beyond the gardens, the roof and upper windows of the Octagon Chapel, where the family worshipped : from the top storey he could catch a glimpse of the then wild and picturesque Mousehold Heath ; and looking in the opposite direction, he saw the stately spire of the ancient cathedral. Both the situation and the character of the house

indicate that his father was a fairly well-to-do man. Thomas Martineau had moved into this house in 1803, from one in Gurney Court, almost opposite, in which his daughter Harriet, and, a few years earlier, Elizabeth Gurney, afterwards Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, had been born.

‘I was under three when James was born,’ wrote Harriet. ‘That day was another of the distinct impressions which flashed upon me in after years. I found myself within the door of the best bedroom—an impressive place from being seldom used, from its having a dark polished floor, and from the awful large gay figures of the chintz bed hangings. That day the curtains were drawn, the window blinds were down, and an unknown old woman, in a mob cap, was at the fire, with a bundle of flannel in her arms. She beckoned to me, and I tried to go, though it seemed impossible to cross the slippery floor. I seem to hear now the pattering of my feet. When I arrived at her knee, the nurse pushed out with her foot a tiny chair, used as a footstool, made me sit down on it, laid the bundle of flannel across my knees, and opened it, so that I saw the little red face of the baby. I then found out that there was somebody in the bed—seeing

a nightcap on the pillow. This was on the 21st of April, 1805.'

Six other children had arrived in the home before James, namely, Elizabeth, Thomas, Henry, Robert, Rachel, and Harriet. Another sister, Ellen, was born later.

The eldest son, Thomas, was said to be 'the cleverest of the family.' He was silent, reserved, and somewhat strict: the younger children looked up to him with awe, but they loved him intensely. He became a doctor, and when only twenty-five was appointed assistant-surgeon at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. Sad to relate, he died when he was thirty years old. He exercised a wonderful influence over his brothers and sisters. They wished to be clever like him, and to win such respect as was shown to him.

The older children helped the younger in their studies. Thomas taught them Latin; Henry, writing and arithmetic; and Elizabeth, French. Harriet, who was afterwards to become one of the most famous Englishwomen of her day, was the chief companion of James. From a very early age she considered it her duty to take charge of him, and she did so in a manner that would not always have met with the approval of her parents, had they known.

One night she woke up, and saw James' pink toes showing themselves invitingly through the rails of the crib. She got up, and pinched them, to wake him. 'With a world of trouble,' she writes, 'I got him over the side, and helped him to the window, and upon a chair there. I wickedly opened the window, and the cool air blew in. The sky was gorgeous, and I talked very religiously to the child.'

On another occasion she learnt that our globe swims in space. She told James all about it, and they decided to dig down until they came out on the other side, and saw the stars shining below them. They went into the garden, and began their work, but found the earth was thicker than they had supposed. So they gave up the task, and lengthened the hole. They thought they would like to experience the sensation of dying. They lay down alternately in the grave, shut their eyes, and fancied themselves dead. When they came out, they told each other how they felt, and were certain they knew all about dying.

Occasionally they wandered together over the wild stretch of land known as Mousehold Heath, where Kett had fought his battle for freedom, and which had furnished many

picturesque subjects for artists. With its furze and broom bushes, its heather and bracken, it was a glorious place for rambles and games. But James was a serious lad, more fond of study than of games. Already the word *Duty*, which Nelson had given as a watchword at the battle of Trafalgar, and to which Wordsworth had written his ode in 1805, the very year in which James was born, had become dear to him.

One day he was picking the stalks off some black currants for his mother, and he got very tired of it, and was nearly giving it up, but he took heart by repeating a verse of a hymn he had learnt :

‘ The man of Calvary triumphed here
Why should his faithful followers fear.’

and cheerfully worked at his task until it was done. This was an event of small importance, but it is by trifles such as this that men learn to finish their work well, and not to do things by halves.

One of his amusements was to walk along a high wall from their garden to the Octagon Chapel. It was the shortest cut to the Chapel, but he would not be allowed to take that way on Sunday. That day had always to be spent in rest and sacred quiet.

And here something must be said of this

chapel, where James received his earliest religious instruction, outside his home. One of the two thousand ministers who were ejected from their livings in 1662, was John Collinges, Vicar of the Parish of St. Stephen's in Norwich. He gathered round him a band of earnest men and women, who built a chapel, known as the English Presbyterian Meeting House. In those days of persecution Nonconformists found it necessary to make their meeting houses as unpretentious as possible, and to hide them away from the public gaze. And so this Norwich Presbyterian Meeting House resembled two houses, with gabled roofs, joined together, and did not at all appear to be a church or chapel. It was hidden behind other houses, and approached by a narrow passage. No one, as he walked along the main street, would have guessed the chapel was near. But the congregation that thus assembled, almost in secret, was composed of earnest men, who were true to their principles ; and under the long ministries of Peter Finch and John Taylor their numbers increased, and many of them became wealthy and generous. Some of them helped poor children to gain an education, and contributed large sums to charitable institutions, such as hospitals and alms-

houses. They resolved to pull down the old meeting house, and build a chapel more worthy the worship of God. It was an eight-sided building, and was called the Octagon Chapel. The outside is not beautiful according to our notions, but it is in keeping with the buildings of the district. Its walls, however, are of the finest brick, and inside its galleries and pews are of the best oak. Even the stairs, which lead to the gallery, are solid beams of oak, and everything shows how strong and good a house these people determined to erect to God. John Wesley saw it soon after it was finished, and wrote in his Journal, 'it is perhaps the most elegant meeting house in all Europe. The inside is finished in the highest taste, and is as clean as any nobleman's saloon. How can it be thought that the coarse old gospel should find admission here?'

But the *old* gospel did find admission there. Within its walls worshipped some of the saintliest women and noblest men. When John Taylor preached the opening sermon, he took as his text, Haggai ii. 8, 9, 'The silver is mine and the gold is mine; saith the Lord of Hosts. The latter glory of this house shall be greater than the former, saith the Lord of Hosts, and in this place will I

give peace, said the Lord of Hosts.' It was a prophecy that was literally fulfilled. Soon the name of the Octagon Chapel was well known, and many men, famous in their day, were connected with it. Only a few of their names can be mentioned here:—William Smith, the grandfather of Florence Nightingale, and the champion of Dissenters' rights in the House of Commons; Robert Alderson the Recorder, whose grand-daughter married the Marquis of Salisbury, the late Prime Minister; William Taylor, the German scholar; Sir James Edward Smith, the botanist; and John Taylor, who wrote many well-known hymns, including 'Rejoice, the Lord is King.'

The worshippers were very reverent. They were not so much uplifted with the thought of God's love as we are, but they were more deeply impressed with His majesty. They bent before Him with gladness, but also with awe and adoration. Some of them wrote hymns that expressed their attitude towards their Creator. If they sang,

O how delightful is the road
That guides us to thy temple, Lord!
With joy we visit thine abode
And seek the treasures of thy word,

they also addressed God as

Awful being ! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessing down ;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease :
 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky.

This example of the worshippers worked powerfully on the minds and souls of the young Martineaus. The joyful willingness of their service and their profound reverence especially impressed James. Years after, he recalled the forms of old men and young children bent in prayer before the Almighty God, and it was a frequent source of delight to him in his last days to talk of his early worship in the Octagon Chapel. When he wrote his great book, 'A Study of Religion,' he commenced by saying that he used the word Religion in the sense which it bore in these early days, that is, 'belief in an ever-living God, a Divine Mind and Will ruling the Universe and holding Moral relations with mankind.' And when he came to arrange the springs of human action in their order of merit, he placed *Reverence* first. Throughout his writings, sermons, and prayers we can easily detect his deep sense of the *majesty* of God, which men and women nowadays too often forget.

When James Martineau was a boy, the

Minister of the Octagon Chapel was Thomas Madge, a man with a silver-toned voice, whose sermons impressed his young hearers, even when they could not understand them. James was deeply attached to him, and wrote to Mrs. Madge, after her husband's death, that some of the first awakenings of conscience and of spiritual faith came to him in the tones of that dear voice, and the inward echoes were renewed whenever he heard it in preaching or in prayer. In any case Mr. Madge's influence on the Martineau children would have been great. It was increased because they were accustomed to listen most attentively to the sermons, and on the Sunday afternoons to write out as much of them as they could remember. The result at first was disappointing, but they continued the practice for years. And it not only impressed upon them the lessons they received, but helped them to gain the power of expressing ideas in clear and beautiful language.

It is true their attention sometimes wandered away from the service. Harriet would sit gazing up at the eight peculiar openings at the top of the dome of the chapel, which were intended as skylights. She was certain the end of the world would come, while she was in chapel, and that the angels

would fly through these openings, and take her to heaven in the sight of the congregation. But when the sermon was being delivered, eyes and ears were strained towards the preacher, and the children did their best to follow and understand him.

One Sunday James was discovered sitting on a little stool, with a great Bible resting on a chair before him. Some one asked him which chapter he was reading, and he jokingly answered that he had read 'all through the book of Isaiah while the family had been at chapel.' His mother rebuked him for the exaggeration, and he promptly added, 'skipping the nonsense, you know, mother.' The story is interesting, because it shows that even as a child he selected from the Bible what he thought was best in it. As a minister it became his custom to bring the Bible and other books that he read *to the test of conscience*, and see whether they supported or denied what the voice of God said in his soul. He asked first not 'Where does a saying come from?' or 'Who uttered it?' but 'Is it true?' 'Is it helpful to my life and the lives of others?' And that is the true test. The value of any word to us is measured by its truthfulness and the life it gives to our souls.

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

WHEN James was ten years old, he was sent to the Norwich Grammar School, where Nelson had been a scholar. Every day he would pass under the fine old archway, known as the Erpingham Gate, to the school, which stood just within the Cathedral Close. He may have noticed or been told that on either side of the archway was sculptured the word 'Yenk' (think). Whether he knew it or not, thinking became the habit of his life, and Mr. Gladstone at the close of his days said, 'There is no doubt that Mr. Martineau is the greatest of living thinkers.'

The four years (1815-1819) he spent at this school were far from happy. The discipline in school hours was good, but it did not make all the two hundred and thirty boys gentlemanly in their behaviour. As was common in those days many of the elder

scholars were brutal in their habits, and bullied and fagged the weaker lads. Young Martineau, whose sense of justice was strong and whose nature was sensitive, was especially conscious of being insulted and oppressed. He was a day boy, and as such, was despised and maltreated by the boarders. He did not shrink from a race or a battle when fairly matched, but the incessant tyranny of the strong depressed him. Further, the scholars had to devote most of their time to the study of Latin and Greek, while mathematics, of which he was fond, was thrust into the background. Still, he kept faithfully to his prescribed work. It was a principle with him, that boys and men should work hardest at those subjects which they found most difficult, and should not give way to their inclinations, and read only what they liked. He maintained that by so doing, they would make their minds stronger, and fit themselves for enjoying more the subjects they did like. Not to tackle manfully the hard things in one's study, business, or trade, is to destroy all manly thought and action, all noble life and character.

He made friends among the scholars, some of whom rose to eminence in their professions, but he was not sorry when he was taken from

the school and placed under the private tuition of his minister, Mr. Madge, who taught him to love and appreciate good poetry and romance.

A greater change awaited him. Harriet had been at a school kept by her aunt at Bristol, and had come home enthusiastic in her praise of the services conducted in the Lewin's Mead Chapel by Dr. Lant Carpenter, and of the school kept by him. After listening to her story, Thomas Martineau decided that this was the school most suited for James, and he at once made an effort to send him there. Not only did Dr. Carpenter call forth the intellectual ability of his pupils, but his 'profound moral feeling' had an abiding influence upon their lives. In young Martineau he found a scholar who responded readily to every higher call, whether intellectual or moral. Moreover, the lad found among his class-mates, friends who shared his sympathies and aspirations; and as he was looking forward to being an engineer, he was allowed to give special attention to the study of mathematics, much to his delight. He remained in this school two years, and spoke of his experience and education there, as an inestimable privilege. Certainly it did much to decide his future career for him.

As he was now approaching his sixteenth birthday, it was thought he should begin to learn the profession he hoped to follow, but some difficulties were experienced in finding a capable engineer, who wanted an apprentice. At length, he was bound to Mr. Samuel Fox, of Derby. He was set to work at the lathe, and allowed the run of the shop. There was plenty for his hands to do, but this was not his idea of being an engineer. He wanted to devote his mind as well as his hands to his tasks ; and day by day, he despaired, as he saw that the years of his apprenticeship would not be very serviceable or instructive. Mr. Fox was an earnest, practical, and businesslike man, but he had not sufficient intellectual grasp of his profession, to satisfy the active brain of his young apprentice.

Other thoughts were also awakening in the mind of the earnest youth. The religious influences that had been brought to bear upon him, were having their natural effect ; and the death of a saintly young minister, Henry Turner, of Nottingham, so moved him that, to use his own words, it ‘ worked his conversion and sent him into the ministry.’ He laid his new hopes before his father, and showed how he felt compelled to enter the ministry. This was a genuine call, for

he was as clearly convinced that this was his duty, as if a message had been trumpeted to him from the clouds. He must sacrifice, in obedience to the Highest, his career as an engineer, to which he had looked forward. His father listened to him with respect, pointed out the losses he would sustain, the poverty and difficulties he would have to meet, and then seeing that his son was in earnest, decided to surrender the premium paid to Mr. Fox.

The question now arose as to the best means of preparing for the ministry. In those days the Universities in England and all the theological colleges save one, were closed against a young man holding the religious beliefs which he held. This one college, which stood for free theology and did not require its tutors and students to subscribe to any creed, was Manchester College, then situated at York. He was enrolled as a student of this institution in the autumn of 1822.

The tutors at this time were Charles Wellbeloved, John Kenrick, and William Turner, all men of wide learning and Christian piety. They soon found that the new student was a youth of more than ordinary energy and ability. One of them said openly that he

was 'intemperate in study.' He threw himself with such ardour into his work that he was several times threatened with a serious breakdown, and his mother and friends were constantly urging him in their letters to take more care for his health. It used to be said jokingly by the students that he worked twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four. The tutors, however, were delighted with his patient labour, his 'care for research,' and his 'minute accuracy,' and his parents were gratified with the positions he took in his classes.

He was invariably in his place before the lectures began. Once he travelled all night to Manchester, and, arriving at seven o'clock on the Sunday morning, took the services in the Cross Street Chapel; then he travelled back to York at night in a jolting coach, and next morning was at his desk in the lecture room. No one would have prophesied in those days that he would live over ninety years. His continued exertions and his feeble health made his friends fear that his life would be short.

But this intense application prevented him from enjoying the companionship of his fellow-students to any great extent. It was a mistake, for intercourse with others who are

pursuing the same objects of study, is often as great an education as books. When he left college, he expressed his sorrow to the students that he had mixed so little with them. In temperament they were different from him, but many of them became eminent in the ministry and in other professions. With one friend he was often seen, but even in their country walks, he was unwilling to forget the work for which he was preparing. Twice a week these two took books out with them and 'read to each other in the open air at great distances from each other,' in order to strengthen their voices. A man who thus gave himself to his work was certain to achieve distinction. He spared himself no pains.

But the college work did not entirely engross his attention. The students were filled with missionary zeal, and were always ready to help in Sunday Schools, and to preach in the villages of the district. They even built a chapel at Welburn. Martineau, who was then nineteen, drew out the plans and acted as clerk of the works. He went home to Norwich, full of enthusiasm about what they were doing, and induced the young men of the Octagon Chapel to start a Sunday School. It became a large and

influential school : thousands of children in the course of its existence have received their religious instruction in it.

What a hold this missionary spirit had upon him, the following incident will show. In order to preach at Thorne, he walked thirty miles, took three services, and then walked back. It is not surprising that he wrote home a few days afterwards saying he was ill again. We shall see in a later chapter that his interest in Sunday School work never flagged, that even when he had become famous among great men, he regarded the office of Superintendent, which he held, as an important and sacred function.

The years at college were not without domestic joys and sorrows for him. When he was twenty-one, he became engaged to Helen, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Higginson, of Derby, whom he had met when he was Mr. Fox's apprentice. He had faithfully loved her, though he had not been permitted to correspond with her during four of his years at college.

His brother Thomas, with whom he had been in the closest sympathy during his college years—the older man opening his heart and mind to the younger—had never been very strong. His health gradually gave

way : he was sent to Madeira, and died on his way home. His father never recovered from the shock, and all the family lamented the disappointment of the high expectations they had entertained of the one who seemed to be the most brilliant of them all.

Two more years passed, and it was seen that the father was rapidly sinking. James was summoned home, and acted as watcher for a few nights. Then the family assembled round the bed and saw the father, who had completely devoted himself to their welfare, breathe his last.

In the pretty Rosary Cemetery at Norwich is a plain stone, on which are the words

Thomas Martineau

Died June 21st, 1826.

Aged 62 years.

There is no mention of the struggle of his late years or of the integrity of his life. And but for the fame of his children, it would not be known that this man held, taught, and practised the principle that however great the difficulties, debts incurred must be paid. For this purpose the mother sacrificed her own private money, and three years later the eldest surviving son announced that, though the family had suffered, all the claims on the honest manufacturer's business had been met.

Such experiences deepened and enriched the character of the reflective student. In the midst of his sorrows he learnt that 'nothing is without God.' 'The fields of earth, the boundless recesses of heaven, are the scene of his ceaseless activity. He is felt in every breeze that blows : he is seen in every form of beauty and sublimity. . . . Let any one endeavour to recount the thoughts which have passed through his mind in a single day. How great their number ! Could we at this or any other moment in the history of human nature contemplate the separate lot of all our race, and watch the secret workings of their hearts, we should find countless varieties of thought and feeling, by which each is led to fulfil the purposes of his being. How wonderful then is the agency of him without whom not a thought nor an emotion can arise.'

So spoke the student at twenty, and throughout life he was to be conscious that the Ever-living God is ever near, and works in all the events of our human life, great and small, joyful and sorrowful.

CHAPTER V

THE YOUNG MINISTER

COLLEGE days were over. The young man of twenty-two must now settle down to the serious business of life. More than one congregation invited him to become its minister, but his old schoolmaster, Dr. Carpenter, was ill and obliged to take a rest on the Continent, in order to restore his health. Mrs. Carpenter was anxious that the school, which had done excellent work, should be carried on, and she accordingly invited their old pupil to become its head. He accepted the invitation, and for a year filled the position with zeal, ability, and tact. It was no light undertaking for a young man to succeed a teacher of Dr. Carpenter's scholarship, experience, and character. The boys recognized the strenuous efforts of the new master on their behalf, and became much attached to him, but again the amount of his work and its constant demands on his

strength gave his friends cause for anxiety. At the close of the year, he was asked to continue permanently as head of the school, but, pleasant and congenial as were his duties, he felt it was now time to take up the regular duties of the ministry.

Accordingly, he accepted an invitation to become co-pastor with the Rev. Joseph Hutton of the Eustace Street Congregation, Dublin, in succession to the Rev. Philip Taylor, who was retiring after a long ministry. His scholars at Bristol presented him with an address and some books: the school was closed, and some of the boys accompanied him to his new sphere of labour.

His ministerial duties were not very exacting: he had only to prepare one sermon a fortnight. Some ministers would have considered that an easy task, but the production and delivery of a sermon was always a serious matter to Mr. Martineau. He had such a deep sense of his responsibility, and he set so high a standard for himself, that he found it easier to satisfy his congregation than himself. It was by his silent and persistent struggling in the study that he finally wrote the sermons in 'Endeavours after the Christian Life' and 'Hours of Thought,' which will be read in years to

come, when the sermons of many more popular preachers have been forgotten.

More than once he had to fight a lonely battle against the bigotry and narrow-mindedness of some members of his congregation, who had not learnt to love religious liberty. He spoke out bravely against those who would keep Roman Catholics from their rights as citizens, and he was clear in stating his convictions on the sacred subjects which were then questions of earnest debate.

As his stipend was small and he was looking forward to marriage, he found it necessary to continue his teaching. He had every prospect of a long ministry in Dublin, and, with the help of a loan from a friend, he bought a house in Blessington Street, in which not only he and his future wife could live, but the boys, whose studies he was directing, could be lodged. After he had received Presbyterian ordination by 'laying on of hands,' he went to England to be wedded. His wife, Helen Higginson, was worthy of the great love he bore her. She had integrity, common sense, and intuition, which admirably fitted her to be a minister's wife and the companion of him who was to be 'the greatest spiritual philosopher of the nineteenth century.' She sympathized with

him in his work, helped him where she could, supported him in hours of trial, and was prepared to endure privation with him rather than see him forsake the plain path of duty. She came to a home in which there were many duties, for the wants of six pupils had to be considered. But both were happy in their labours, and gladly bore the strain put upon their energies.

Within three years they were to have their heroism tested. In 1831, the Rev. Philip Taylor, the retired minister, died. This meant an increase of stipend to Mr. Martineau, but he was now to receive £100, which came from State funds.

Charles the Second, in order to secure the support of the Presbyterians, had made them a grant of money which was divided among their congregations. This grant, known as *Regium Donum* or the Royal Bounty, was at first a bribe, to gain the favour of Nonconformists. Later the amount of the grant was increased, and £100 was paid to the Eustace Street Congregation. It would have been a welcome addition to the young minister's income, but that fact did not appeal to him. He asked himself the question, 'Is it right to receive this money?' He decided that it was not; and his brothers

and sisters—sons and daughters of the honest Norwich manufacturer—agreed with him. .

He wrote to the congregation, showing them the injustice of receiving this grant, and stating that if they could not relinquish it, he would be prepared to place his resignation in their hands. He argued the question very clearly, bringing forward the following reasons for refusing it. The people of Ireland were for the most part Roman Catholics, and they had to contribute a share of the sum, while only the Presbyterians received it. They were thus compelled to support a religion which was contrary to their beliefs and convictions. This was evidently wrong. It was true his predecessors had accepted the grant, and they were pious men, but custom could consecrate no wrong, and even the holiest men may make mistakes. And further, the grant was made by the State, and he was not its official, but only the minister of Eustace Street Congregation. He ought not therefore to receive state pay.

He did not know how the congregation would receive these arguments ; but he feared they might lead to his resignation. When the members met, an earnest debate took place. The young people supported him most enthusiastically, but the older members could

not bring themselves to sacrifice such a time-honoured privilege. They fell into the error, into which many have fallen and still fall, of supposing that because a belief or practice is old and has been revered by many good men, it must therefore be right. The chairman thought Mr. Martineau's letter was equivalent to a resignation, and accordingly a member proposed that it should be accepted. The voting was equal; the chairman gave his casting vote against Mr. Martineau, and declared that his ministry was then and there at an end. The result of this very severe decision was that the young minister sat in the chapel on the following Sunday as an ordinary member. He was asked some days later to continue as minister for a few months.

The sacrifice he made was great. He had bought a house with a loan, and as property had since decreased in value, he could not sell without considerable loss: he had a wife and two children dependent upon him for support, and he had no prospect of an immediate settlement. Yet he and his wife had the consciousness that they had done right; and sometimes the righteous must suffer.

The principle for which he had fought was

a very sacred one, which has not yet been established in the laws of our land. It was this :—it is unjust for any part of the nation to be made to contribute to the support of a religion from which they dissent.

Fortunately, the hero had not to wait long before another pulpit was offered to him. Much to his surprise, his action was noised abroad among the churches in England, and many recognized his manliness. In less than three months, a letter came from the congregation of the Paradise Street Chapel, Liverpool, asking him to become their minister.

CHAPTER VI

PARADISE STREET CHAPEL,
1832-1848

THE first years of James Martineau's ministry in Liverpool were marked by struggles, which would have forced frugality upon him and his wife, even if they had not regarded simplicity as the true ideal of the Christian life. His income was not large, and the debt incurred by his heroic action in Dublin pressed heavily upon him : but his friends and admirers had the deepest sympathy with him, and determined that the burden should not fall on him alone. His new congregation, at the beginning of his ministry, made him a present of £100, and afterwards showed their appreciation of his ability and faithfulness by still more handsome gifts, while his supporters in Dublin sent him a larger sum.

For two and a half years he was co-pastor with the Rev. John Grundy, with whom he

worked in complete accord. When Mr. Grundy retired owing to declining health, Mr. Martineau was heartily and unanimously elected sole pastor, and for a quarter of a century he ministered to the needs of the congregation.

His life was most strenuous, and neither on Sunday nor on week-day did he spare himself. He mapped out his duties methodically, saving every minute that he could. Work began as soon as he rose: while he was dressing, he used to hear his children repeat the lessons they had learnt on the previous day. His Sunday duties at their fullest were very exacting, though they were largely self-imposed. Here is an account of a full Sunday.

‘Lecture at 10 a.m.; service at 11; after this a class for about thirty-five young catechumens; then a hasty dinner at home at 2-30; a senior class of girls at the Chapel at 4 p.m., followed by one of boys, together numbering about thirty; tea in the committee room; and lastly evening service at 6-30.’

He attended to his pastoral duties, taking care that his visiting should not be a waste of time, and limiting it where he could. He also undertook teaching and lecturing. Twice

a week he was to be found taking a class of young men at seven o'clock in the morning ; and he gave series of lectures on chemistry and political economy, when instruction in those subjects was not so easy to obtain as now. Some of his pupils later in life won distinction in literature, and gratefully acknowledged they had learnt from him the method of acquiring knowledge and using their minds to the best purpose. Many felt what one pupil wrote : ' I loved that man ; I studied with him for a year or two, and whatever is good in me I date to that time, and for it I honour him. He taught me to think.'

In the pulpit his voice was uplifted for the poor and the distressed : he pleaded so earnestly for the people of Ireland, during a famine they suffered in the forties, that his hearers were moved to unusual generosity. With his friend, the Rev. John Hamilton Thom, he helped to found a Domestic Mission to the poor in Liverpool, which still carries on its good work. The idea of this and other Domestic Missions originated with Dr. Tuckerman, of America, who visited England, for the purpose of urging the Churches to care for the poor.

In addition to all this labour, he was

continuing his studies, and writing articles for the *Prospective* and *London Reviews*. It was also during his early years in Liverpool that he published his first book, entitled *The Rationale of Religious Enquiry*. In this volume he asserted that all questions of religion must finally be submitted to the judgment of the *reason*, 'to the test of which even scripture itself must be brought.' Such a statement was startling in those days, and called forth much adverse criticism: to-day it sounds very familiar to most of us, for we believe that God is the Father of every human soul, and holds communion with even his lowliest child. His word in our reason, heart, and conscience is the most sacred we hear. But thought moves slowly. The Pope or the Bible or the Church is still supposed by many to be the supreme authority in religious questions: and the work James Martineau attempted in this book is not yet finished. Although he spoke of it in after years as a 'juvenile production,' it remains one of the best introductions to the study of religion, and reveals the spirit of a man who looked for the good in faiths other than his own.

His fame was now increasing: he was spoken of as 'the brilliant Martineau': when only thirty years of age he was chosen

from among the other past students, to preach one of the sermons at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Manchester College. Two years previously, he had preached the annual sermon of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

Another event brought him into still further prominence. The Rev. Fielding Ould, a clergyman of the Church of England, published a letter, addressed 'to all who call themselves Unitarians in the town and neighbourhood of Liverpool,' inviting and urging them to attend a course of lectures, in which would be exposed the false philosophy and dangerous unsoundness of the Unitarian belief. This letter was regarded by the three Unitarian ministers then in Liverpool—James Martineau, John Hamilton Thom, and Henry Giles—as a challenge, and they at once accepted it. In the correspondence between the combatants, which preceded the lectures, the Unitarians pleaded for fair play, but they were told that, whilst they were doing right to urge their congregations to attend and listen to the lectures of Trinitarians, it would be a sacrifice of principle for clergymen of the Church of England to ask their parishioners to hear what the Unitarians had to say in reply.

The discussion, now known as 'The Liverpool Controversy,' aroused great enthusiasm. When the first of the orthodox addresses was delivered in Christ Church, the crowd was so great that the three Unitarian ministers had difficulty in effecting an entrance. Afterwards, a pew was reserved for them, and was called the 'condemned pew.' Thirteen lectures were delivered by thirteen clergymen : Mr. Thom and Mr. Giles replied to four each, and Mr. Martineau to five. Numerically the strength was with the clergymen, but the three Unitarians proved themselves superior in intellect and argument.

The contest not only made the three Liverpool ministers more widely known ; it revealed their strength and resources to themselves. As we look at the five lectures delivered by Mr. Martineau, we wonder how such lengthy addresses were produced in the course of a few weeks ; yet they show no sign of hurry, and are marked by calm and careful thought, expressed in well chosen words.

After about sixteen years' ministry his congregation began to build a new church. He preached in the Paradise Street Chapel, which was an eight-sided brick building, for the last time in 1848. His sermons

had reached a high level of thought and devotion. Two volumes of them were published under the title '*Endeavours after the Christian Life*,' and have been referred to as 'immortal.' They are a permanent contribution to the devotional literature of England.

Before this chapter is closed, something must be said of Mr. Martineau's home life, for five of his children were born while he was the minister of Paradise Street Chapel. His first child, who bore the names of her mother and grandmother, Helen Elizabeth, was born in Dublin, and died in infancy. Sixty years later the affectionate father, an old man of eighty-seven years, with love and memory still fresh in his heart, stole away after an important gathering of the Dublin University, and went and stood beside the little one's grave. His next child was a boy, whom he named Russell, after his political hero, Lord John Russell. Russell showed himself a very clever lad, and grew up to be a distinguished Hebrew scholar. The third child, Isabella, who married Mr. Leyson Lewis, was also born in Dublin. With these last two he removed to Liverpool, where his children Mary Ellen, Herbert, Gertrude, Basil, and Edith were born.

Herbert was a boy with wonderful charm of character and disposition, and won the affection of all who knew him. His father spoke of him as 'a child delicately made and of rare beauty,' in whom there was an 'unconscious religion which made him meet the sadnesses of his life in the purest spirit.' Unfortunately he was troubled with an internal complaint; but in the midst of his suffering and decline, he serenely and trustfully arranged his shells in their order, examined the drawings and pictures his friends had given him, and repeated the hymns his mother had taught him. Gradually his strength failed him, and when nine years old he died in his father's arms. A stone in the graveyard of the Ancient Chapel, Toxteth Park, marks the lad's resting place. On it are the words :

O life too fair ! Upon thy brow
We saw the light where thou art now.
O death ! too sad ! in thy deep shade
All but our sorrow seemed to fade ;
O Heaven, too rich ! not long detain
Thine exiles from the sight again.

Often the men who devote their lives to studying and thinking, in order to deliver others from distressing doubts, are very helpless in the use of their hands. One of the

greatest thinkers of the nineteenth century said that he could do nothing which required skill of hand or practical ability ; the education which his father had given him, was in itself more fitted for training him to *know* than to *do*. Mr. Martineau was a man of a different type. When he had to leave the house in Mason Street, he resolved to build a new one ; and he drew the plans himself. The few months practical training he had in the engineer's shop were of service to him ; and when occasion required, he could successfully turn to carpentering and painting.

One day a lady drove up to his gate, while he was painting it, and not recognizing him, cried out, ' Hi, my good man ! Why don't you open the gate ? ' He at once opened it, and made a low bow when the carriage passed him. The lady was astonished to discover later, that the painter was the minister whom she had called to see. This story shows a touch of humour, which strangers were slow to see. Among those who met him occasionally, were some who thought he was a noble but melancholy man. Those at home could have told them of another side of his character, his cheerful patience ; and those who heard his lectures and even those who have only read his

works will recall many a witty remark about an opponent's argument. While his thoughts soared high, his heart was always full of human love, and he kept in touch with the sacred commonplaces of everyday life. Home to him was always cheerful, because he never neglected its minor duties, and never forgot the courtesies due to both old and young. Dr. Priestley, whom Martineau in his early days regarded as one of his leaders, was also a splendid example of patience in the home: he could pursue his studies while his children were playing around him, and he never showed vexation when they interrupted him. It is delightful to remember that these men, whose minds were wonderfully rich in knowledge and thought, and whose names are famous, were yet the best of fathers and the simplest of men, who did not despise the humblest tasks, and could enjoy a romp with children. We shall do well to recall more facts about James Martineau's home life; and here are some pleasant memories of his daughter, Miss Gertrude Martineau.

'I can remember from the earliest days how busy father was, and we were always taught not to make any noise near his study that would disturb him; and when we went

to the charming new house, Park Nook, he had double doors to his study, and we used sometimes, when he was out, to shut ourselves in between the two doors, where it was quite dark, and feel it rather terrible ! His study was always beautifully neat, set round with bookcases full of nicely bound books ; and he never went out without putting away his writing, and leaving his table perfectly tidy. But when he had a little time to spare he was the best of playfellows. I remember games of " hunt the slipper " in which he tried to hide the slipper under his long legs or his coat tails ; and games of " hide and seek " all over the house, and how, when we had discovered him behind a door or a curtain, there came the kind of glorious terror of running down the stairs with leaps and bounds, with him flying after. Then I recall the absurd faces which he used to make, to amuse us, and the sort of alarm with which we remembered being told of some one who pulled a face and could never get right again, and we cried out, " Oh, papa, come right, or *you'll stick !* " and how he laughed as his face took its proper shape again. Then he would put the smallest child on his shoulders, and make her stand quite upright, and then ride

her round the room ; she drew her fingers along the top of the door ledge to see how much dust there was—he holding her by her arms, and then with a great swirl, heels over head, landed her on the ground. That turn-over was a sort of terrible pleasure—he was so tall, and the ground so far off. Or, sitting on a chair with his legs crossed, he would set one of the little ones standing on his foot, and holding her hands he would toss her up and down and give her a beautiful ride, till at last she learnt with sorrow that she had grown too heavy.

‘ Father and one of our uncles had devised a little windmill, which was placed on the roof of the house, and the wind used to pump up the water into the cistern in the attics. But when there was no wind to turn the mill, and the cistern was nearly empty, father would take off his coat, and climb out of the attic window, and sit on the parapet with one leg outside, doing the work of the wind, and pumping up the water till the cistern was filled. It always made us *creep* to look up from below, and see him on the very edge against the sky, his shirt sleeves and his curly hair fluttering as he moved ; but he only laughed merrily when we were frightened, and said he was quite safe.

‘Some of the children, and some little cousins who lived in Liverpool and who used to come and spend their holiday afternoons with us, possessed a lot of nice ships. Living in a large seaport town, we were very fond of ships, and used to go and see the docks, and one of my brothers knew all about the different riggings of the ships and the different make of them. So his ships were all very correctly rigged, and we were all very proud of our fleet. Every spring a “Grand Review of the Fleet” was announced to the household by handbills, all the Admirals to be present. The review took place on the lake in the Prince’s Park, to which all the ships were taken in procession. The *Thunderbolt* man-of-war, which had been made by my brother, with help from all the family, was too large and heavy to carry, and was wheeled on a little truck. Father got the boat out, and rowed us out in it to see that all the fleet sailed safely. One day one of the ships vanished during the review. Father rowed us round and round the lake, and we peeped into every creek and bush, but she could not be found, till at last we spied the wee top of a mast with a little dripping flag ; and, stretching out, father drew up the poor *Lord Nelson* by her mast, dripping but unhurt.

‘ In the evenings father would come home to tea, very tired after a long day’s work—lessons to his own children before an early breakfast, then teaching in schools, sometimes lecturing, and writing sermons or lectures in his study. For some time, when we grew older, we had three or four girl friends living with us, to share our lessons ; and round the long tea-table we were a merry party of nine or ten—mother pouring out the tea for all, behind the brown tea-urn, and the plates of bread and butter and “bun-loaf” emptying very fast ; for we too had busy days and worked hard. Only father ate very little, but took several cups of tea, and whilst he sipped his tea he used to read aloud to us. He read us nearly all Walter Scott’s novels and most of Dickens’ stories, and many of Lover’s Legends, and some of Wordsworth’s and Southey’s poetry, and Coleridge’s “ Ancient Mariner,” and several other books. When we had finished our tea, we got our work or drawing, and he still read on. You can hardly think how delightful those evenings were ! When he hesitated whether he would read another chapter, we all clamoured for more ; and I am afraid he often sat up all the later into the night over his work because of that extra

chapter ; but then he enjoyed it as much as we did.

‘At Christmas time we always had a Christmas-tree lighted up with little candles and decorated, and presents for every one were hung on the tree. Our cousins came to share it with us, and our uncle and aunt. Father used to take the dinner-bell and ring a little peal, for each in turn, in order of age, to cut some present from the tree. With his own presents he used to write little poems or inscriptions, always pretty and ingenious. For one of his girls to whom he gave the splendid present of a watch, he wrote : “For ——, if she will forgive so poor a compliment ;

For one who never loses time

Ne’er wants the means to keep it.”

‘In the summer holidays we always went into the country for a glorious six weeks, very often to the Lakes. One very hot day, in Borrowdale, as we sat at dinner and father looked out over the lake to Skiddaw, and thought of the cool breezes on the top, he rashly said, “I should not be afraid to spend the night up there.” We at once took up the idea, and obliged him to carry it out ; and by sunset we were all of us climbing the mountain-side, not to come down till morning. How beautiful it was under the great calm

dome of stars, but how hard the stones were ! We were too excited to sleep more than a few winks, and one after another was seen sitting up, against the sky. It seemed soon to begin to get light, and though we had been almost cold in the night, when the sun rose gloriously above the mists that filled the valleys, it at once grew hot again. We went home tired and very hungry, but triumphant, and had a sleep in the hot morning hours.

‘On Sunday evenings after father came home from his evening service and we had had supper, we used all to gather together in the drawing-room and sing hymns. He used generally to choose what we should sing, and his greatest favourites were Mr. Ogden’s beautiful tunes. Father had never *learnt* to sing, but he was intensely fond of music, and had a beautiful tuneful voice, which we loved to hear when he joined with all his heart in the hymns. I think one of his favourite hymns was—

Lord we sit and cry to thee,
Like the blind beside the way,

to which Mr. Ogden wrote a most beautiful tune. But he had many favourites. And as we dropped off one by one to go to bed, there was something infinitely tender and consecrating in his kiss and good-night.’

Not only with his own but with other children he was ready for a game. A friend writing of a Sunday School excursion said : ' We found Mr. Martineau, with many other gentlemen, playing at football, and it was delightful to see with what energy he kicked the ball, as if all the concentrated energy of his body were brought out in every blow. It was quite a sight to see him, with his coat and hat off, and his hair flying wild, dashing about in all directions, as lightly and nimbly as if he had been a boy. I am sure you would have admired him then, almost as much as in his calmer moments, for you would have known then, that whatever he does is in earnest.'

The same regard for children was shown by Mr. Gladstone, and many stories of his tenderness towards them have been told. We should never esteem a virtue of little account because it is possessed by many people. The simplest graces are the sweetest and most necessary, and no man can be great who disregards them. To be a good father or mother, a good brother or sister, is no slight thing : and Dr. Priestley's, Mr. Gladstone's, and Dr. Martineau's fondness for children was a part of their greatness.

CHAPTER VII

HOPE STREET CHURCH,
1849-1857

WHILE the new church in Hope Street was being built, Mr. Martineau's congregation gladly granted him leave of absence. They knew that he needed rest. From what has been written in the previous chapter, it will be seen that he had led a life of excessive toil, but many of his labours have not been mentioned. He was interested in a variety of movements, especially those which concerned the welfare of his denomination, and these made heavy demands upon his time and energy. His wife sometimes watched him anxiously, and feared that he would early exhaust his powers, and have no old age. Others also noticed the lines which were being worn in his face by earnest thought.

Now, however, the opportunity for taking a prolonged rest had come, but what has been

said of Mr. Gladstone may be repeated of him—‘the only rest he ever knew was change of effort.’ Life was to him a sustained *endeavour*, a continued aspiration. He decided to spend this vacation in Germany: he took his family with him, and remained there fifteen months. He renewed his physical strength by climbing mountains and taking long walks: he had some amusing adventures and experiences in these travels. He spent a few pleasant weeks in Dresden, visiting art galleries there; and though war was being waged between Austria and Hungary, he adhered to his plan, and visited Vienna, which was threatened with an attack. He wandered amid the forest scenery of Bohemia and ascended the Schneekoppe, ‘the highest point between the Tyrol and Norway.’ These were the diversions of holiday, but he had gone to Germany to learn as well as to enjoy, and when the University of Berlin opened for its winter session, he enrolled himself and his son, Russell, as students. He attended the lectures of the celebrated philosophical scholar, Trendelenburg. In the class-room he read once more the writings of the ancient Greek philosophers, and in his lodgings struggled for days with a difficult page, until

he had mastered its meaning. He applied himself with enthusiasm to the study of German thought, which came as a revelation to him, and influenced all his later thinking. The year was not without its anxieties. His eldest daughter was so seriously ill that at one time he despaired of her life, and news came from England that his mother, whom he loved with the passion of a true and admiring son, had died somewhat suddenly. Berlin was in a state of unrest : cannon and men with arms were to be seen daily in the open space in front of the University. But he spoke of this time as his '*Annus Mirabilis*' (wonderful year), and as 'a new intellectual birth.' He wrote to his friend, Francis W. Newman : 'I shall always be thankful for this year of absence. It has at least assured me that I am not too old to learn.' He returned to England, with a stronger belief that man is morally responsible for his actions, and with new insight into the realities which underlie the things that are seen.

His mission was now clear : his confidence in it was increased. He must strive to solve the problems which brought unrest and doubt into the minds and hearts of earnest men. It was a lofty and glorious work he

undertook. The efforts of good men are generally put forth to save the foolish, the frivolous, and the wayward, from lives of sin and degradation. So many men and women, youths and maidens, *slip* into unworthy ideals and ignoble lives through *thoughtlessness*, that preachers and social workers have to think and labour principally for them. There are others who take life seriously, and who want to be true to conscience and honest in thought, but they are beset with difficulties, which unsettle them, and make them wonder whether there is a God in the world, and whether he is good and wise. These men long for more light, by which alone they can gain fresh hope and courage. For these men, the thinking and the perplexed, James Martineau laboured, and to many of them he brought peace. His was a high calling—to give light to those who would carry light to others, and by the power of Truth to silence the scoffer. From his heart went forth the prayer that the spirit of the Prince of Peace might ‘put to shame the false idols of every mind; carry faith to the doubting, hope to the fearful, light to the mourner; and more and more increase the pure in heart who see their God.’ Great was his task and he did not shirk it. His also was ‘a mind made and

set wholly on the accomplishment of greatest things.

In October, 1849, the new church in Hope Street was dedicated 'to the worship of Almighty God and instruction in the Christian Religion.' It is a fine Gothic building in stone, with a graceful spire, very different from the plain red-brick buildings of the Puritans. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Madge. At the meeting which followed, Mr. Martineau said they must stand for the ancient Gospel of the Christian Church, 'help one another,' and oppose the modern doctrine, 'help yourself.' In the course of his sermon, entitled 'Watch Night Lamps,' delivered on the following Sunday morning, he said 'the moral law of God' was 'the Rock on which they built their Church,' and he emphasized that those who regarded God as holy and who were conscious of his presence, could not set any limit to duty. All they could do, they must feel compelled to do. 'When ye shall have done all the duties that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants.' He referred to the vacancies he could see in his church, and to the absence of 'the dear and venerable form of one from whose eyes age had exhausted the vision but not the

tears, and whose features were quickened and kindled by the light within.' This was his mother.

In the spirit of this sermon he took up his work again. In addition to his pulpit and pastoral duties, he held classes for the religious instruction of young people. Generally he had two of these classes, and sometimes three, under his care, which were divided according to the ages of the scholars. He gave Bible lessons in the day schools connected with his Church, and delivered lectures to the young people during the week, taking on one occasion a course on the history of the rite of Communion, which extended over several months. After these lectures, he publicly welcomed into the fellowship of the Church those who expressed a desire to become members. And no doubt many received strength through this public declaration of their resolve to worship God and to live as Christians. In addition to these ministerial labours, he wrote articles for various Reviews, of one of which, *The Prospective Review*, he was joint-editor, and soon won renown as a champion of religion.

In 1840, while minister of the Paradise Street Chapel, he had been appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and

Political Economy in Manchester New College, which had removed from York to its original home in Manchester. Travelling from Liverpool once a week, he delivered two or three lectures which had to be freshly prepared, but so thorough and conscientious was he in all his undertakings, that neither the members of his congregation nor his students could accuse him of neglecting them. One year he delivered a course of lectures on Political Economy, in a room attached to Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, to an audience of young men engaged in business. Among them was a clerk in an office in the town, who took notes and re-delivered the course to several of his friends, who together had subscribed six guineas in order that he might attend.

In 1853, Manchester New College was removed to London, and for nearly five years he travelled thither once a fortnight during the college session to give his lectures. On Tuesday he delivered four lectures; on Wednesday two; and then returned to Liverpool, reaching home at midnight. If he had not been a man of extraordinary devotion to his work, he would not have continued this arrangement as long as he did. Having always had a desire to end his days

as a teacher in a college, and believing that his duty lay there, he accepted an invitation to settle in London as professor and to devote all his time to the students of the college he afterwards served so well. His son, Russell, became the Hebrew Professor.

It was with regret that he left his friends at the Hope Street Church. '*Gain*,' he wrote to them, 'does not tempt me, for I go to a poorer life; or *Ambition*, for I retire to a less conspicuous; or *Ease*, for I commit myself to unsparing labour.'

When he delivered his 'Parting Words' to them, he said his whole word and work among them, had been determined by his deep faith in '*The Living Union of God with our Humanity*.' That had been his aim. He had endeavoured to convince his hearers that God is in direct touch with human souls, communes with their spirit, and listens to their prayers. He is a God that is not only afar off, but near, and can be seen and met on earth. He is not only in the 'flashing storm' and 'bursting frown of thunder,' but speaks to each waiting soul in his still, small voice. The beautiful hymn which he afterwards wrote expressed this faith :—

Where is your God ? they say,
Answer them, Lord most holy !
Reveal thy secret way
Of visiting the lowly.

‘ *Here* is the dear God at home day by day, from morn to night, under our roof-tree and out upon our fields, in the mind that thinks, in the heart that aspires—in the nation that strives for right, in the world that moves on its course, he lives with us.’

He had shown them also the sanctity of Nature, Art, and Character, and urged them to foster their love and admiration of everything that would ‘ carry the heart to what is purer and better than itself.’ Seek everything that uplifts, and avoid everything that degrades, was a note that he often sounded both in the pulpit and the lecture room. God had implanted the seeds of eternal life in human hearts, and all that he, as a preacher, had felt he could do, was ‘ to water the roots and let them grow.’ The members of his congregation were grieved to part with him. They could not but be sorry to lose a faithful friend, who during twenty-five years of ministry had preached in clear accents the dignity and duty of man, and the majesty and love of God. But they recognized that a higher duty called him away.

CHAPTER VIII

MINISTER IN LONDON, 1859-1872

WE saw in the previous chapter that Mr. Martineau thought the change from Liverpool to London would not be altogether a gain. He was right in his conjecture. Instead of having a pleasant rural view from his study windows, as at Park Nook, he had unattractive brick walls. Of course, he might have lived in the suburbs, but he wished to devote as much time and energy to his work as he could. So he chose a house in Gordon Street, 'an unlovely street,' near to University Hall, where he delivered his lectures. He afterwards removed to 35, Gordon Square.

Removal from Liverpool also meant the loss of old friends, and London is not a place where friends are quickly found. The city is so large, and the distances are so great that those who are in sympathy with each other have few opportunities of meeting.

On Sundays, however, the family did meet friends, for they regularly walked three miles to worship in the Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead, where Dr. Sadler preached.

The change was detrimental to Mrs. Martineau's health. She gradually lost much of her accustomed energy and brightness ; and it became more and more necessary for the family to spend the long college vacation in the country. • Generally they went to Scotland, where later Dr. Martineau had a house, but Wales, Yorkshire, Cornwall, and Switzerland were also visited.

The interior of the house had its charm. The study was especially inviting ; the books were always to be found in their places ; the desk was never left untidy ; papers were never scattered about. Visitors used to marvel how one who had so many books to read and consult, and so many articles and addresses to write, kept his room in such a perfect state of order. *Order* was one of his virtues : it showed itself in his thinking, in his writing, and in his working.

His life in London, however, had some advantages. He was nearer to two of his dearest friends—Francis William Newman and John James Tayler.

• Francis Newman was the Latin Professor

in University College, London. At one time he had been a tutor in Manchester New College, and as such, Dr. Martineau had met him, and loved him for his charm and delicacy of character and for his accurate scholarship. 'No one,' said one of his students, 'could help being struck by Francis Newman's refinement as soon as he heard him, and by the beautifully delicate expression of his thoughts.' In his search for truth he had some sad experiences: his early years were full of inward sorrows and aspirations. Friends and relatives forsook him, when he boldly looked into his soul and found God there. How he missed human companionship at that time his own words tell. 'It was pleasant to me,' he wrote, 'to look on an ordinary face and see it light up with a smile and think with myself "there is one heart that will judge me by what I am!"' He found a brother in James Martineau, and his loneliness was dispelled. These two kept in touch with one another through the years of their long lives; and though difference of opinion sometimes caused them to criticize adversely each other's books, their friendship did not suffer.

Mr. Martineau considered himself very fortunate in having John James Tayler as

his partner in work. Mr. Tayler had been a minister in Manchester, and was now the Principal of the College. Those who came under the influence of this good man always remembered with affectionate admiration his sweet, grave face, the kindness and consideration of his manner to all who approached him, his generosity and large-mindedness as a thinker, and the simple devotion and piety of his life.

Mr. Martineau was to be united with him in more than college work. Two years of Mr. Martineau's London life had not gone by, before the sad news came that his old fellow-student, the Rev. Edward Tagart, had died at Brussels, on his return from visiting the Unitarians of Transylvania. The congregation of the Little Portland Street Chapel was thus bereaved of its minister. The duties of the preacher had always been dear to Mr. Tayler and Mr. Martineau, and on being invited, they consented to fill the vacant ministry. After a few months Mr. Tayler's health began to give way, and he sent in his resignation. Mr. Martineau now became sole pastor, but desiring to be faithful to his college duties, he arranged to conduct only one service on Sunday.

The congregation included some note-

worthy people. Charles Dickens the novelist, Sir Charles Lyell the geologist, Miss Frances Power Cobbe the philanthropist, Miss Anna Swanwick the translator of Æschylus and Goethe, were among the worshippers, and were inspired by his words. His hearers always knew he would lift them into communion with God; they were aided in their devotions and prayers by his very presence in the pulpit. In his sermons they heard the clear call to righteousness and not the word of controversy. It was a principle with him that all theological difficulties should be discussed in the class room, and the Sunday services left free for the development and expression of the religious spirit that is common to all noble Christian faiths. He gave his congregation the bread of life—thoughts that would quicken in their souls the things of the spirit. In his sermon class he gave his students the advice: ‘let the matter be better than the manner.’ But truth to him was so divine that he placed it in the most beautiful casket he could find, and laboured to express it in the most fitting words. Two volumes of sermons, ‘*Hours of Thought on Sacred Things*,’ were produced during this London ministry.

When he took up the charge of the congre-

gation, it was understood that he would not be able, owing to his college duties, to devote much time to the ordinary work of a pastor. His zeal, however, led him to break through this arrangement. He thought a church which did not make an effort to elevate the lives of the people who lived near it, was failing in its duty. He assisted those who were engaged in teaching the young, and induced his members to build the Portland British Schools. He acted as secretary to the Day Schools thus formed, and sympathized with the teachers in their labours.

All his old enthusiasm for the religious instruction of the young still burned in his heart. The office of Sunday School teacher always seemed to him most sacred, and he urged the students of the College to take classes. They willingly responded. They could not do otherwise, for their Professor led the way. He became superintendent, and every Sunday afternoon he was in London, he was to be found punctually at the desk. His work did not end there. When school was over, he would linger behind to urge a lad to better behaviour, or to advise a teacher as to the choice of books from the library : he took the registers home with him and examined them every Sunday evening. He

overlooked no carelessness on the part of the teachers, and corrected the errors made in carrying out the attendances. He had everything ready for the next Sunday before he retired to rest.

Well might his Hungarian admirers say, when he laid down his college duties : ‘ Your greatness was great, because you were great in little things.’ But, after all, was it a little thing ? Surely there is no more sacred duty than to influence for good the lives of the young. We have lost the right proportion of things, when we do not see the loftiness and sanctity of Sunday School work. James Martineau was anxious that his students should make themselves useful in the Sunday School, because it prepared them for the heavier tasks of their calling. He who gives, always receives. There is always one man benefited by the Sabbath worship—the preacher. His endeavour to uplift others, uplifts him most of all. And there is always one person, if faithful, who is helped by the Sunday School lesson—the teacher.

James Martineau was deeply interested in the form of worship. He did not approve of the services in the Book of Common Prayer, because the worshipper was plunged at once into an attitude of humiliation, and God was

reminded of his promises to those that serve him. Worship to him was not a 'service,' 'a bounden duty,' but a full outpouring by the soul of its love for God, and the contemplation of our duties towards him.

It was proposed to bring out a new Prayer Book, and one was compiled by Dr. Sadler, under the title of '*Common Prayer for Christian Worship*,' which later became known generally as 'The Ten Services.' Martineau contributed the last two of these. The prayers they contain are a noble addition to the prayers of the saints; the chants remind us most of all of God's wonderful goodness to man throughout the ages. Some men and women who when children repeated these services, not understanding their meaning at the time, but learning them by heart through constant use, have remembered their words in times of doubt, perplexity, and sorrow, and been stimulated by them to continued and more strenuous endeavour.

We can best mention here his interest in another part of church worship—the hymns and the singing. When nearly eighty years old he wrote: 'To me there is an untiring charm in a good hymn. I hardly know how it is that the freshness never fades.'

He had prepared a volume of hymns for his

congregation at Dublin. He published another during his early ministry in Liverpool with the title, '*Hymns for the Christian Church and Home.*' This remained for thirty years the chief hymn book used by his denomination. It contained two hymns written by himself :

'A voice upon the midnight air.'

and

'Thy way is in the deep, O Lord.'

Quite as important as these hymns was the introduction he wrote to the volume. In it he stated that worship is an emotional outpouring of human needs, desires, and love. It is not engaged in for any purpose, but simply to give expression to the deep longings of the soul.

He desired that every hymn should be sung to a suitable tune, and he went through the book and sang the hymns, while his son Russell, then a boy, played the tunes.

In 1874 he published another volume, entitled '*Hymns of Praise and Prayer,*' which contained a very powerful hymn by himself—

'Where is your God ? they say.'

Through these two volumes and the two services he had a great influence on the

devotional life of his own and many kindred congregations.

The continued strain he had put upon his strength, in doing the work both of preacher and professor, at length began to tell. In 1872, when returning from a holiday in Wales, he had an attack of giddiness. The celebrated physician, whom he consulted, urged him to give up at once his Sunday duties. He wrote in his letter of resignation : ‘ It is not so much the burdensome amount as the exciting nature of the preacher’s duties which has become an overmatch for me.’ The gratitude of the congregation found expression in a splendid testimonial. This moved him deeply, but nothing could allay his grief that his days as a preacher were at an end. When one of his friends regretted that she would no longer listen to his words from the pulpit, his head drooped, and he said with sadness, ‘ It has been my life.’

CHAPTER IX

PROFESSOR AND PRINCIPAL

'SILENCE and Secrecy! Altars might well be raised to them for a universal worship. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves: that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of life, which they are thenceforth to rule.'

So wrote the great Chelsea sage, Thomas Carlyle, and he might well have been thinking of his contemporary, James Martineau. For Martineau's greatest work was done in silence and secrecy. In the quiet of his study, where no eyes beheld and no voices praised, he was acting the part of a hero, and struggling to solve the problems of life and the riddles of the universe. He could not perform there a single startling courageous deed, as a soldier can on the battle-field, to be extolled in newspapers and recorded in history. His was not the heroism of the

moment, a short sudden exercise of bravery, but the heroism of a lifetime, the long sustained endurance of study. Daily he applied himself to his task with patience, with no thought of honour from the multitude, but out of obedience to the dictates of conscience. For conscience was his king and master, and conscience laid upon him the necessity of doing his work thoroughly, regardless whether few or many listened. Nothing could illustrate better the supreme loftiness of his character than this willingness to toil in secrecy, and to be faithful to his duty, though none saw.

The number of those whom he had to instruct was never large. Like Socrates he put forth his best efforts to teach philosophy to 'a few youths in a corner.' He prepared his lectures as carefully for them as if they had been a vast multitude. He kept them in his thought every day, even in the vacation. During a holiday in Cornwall, he wrote to the Rev. John James Tayler, the Principal of Manchester New College, a letter which he little thought many men would read with interest; he says: 'My meditation every day, dear friend, is almost exclusively of the work, under some aspect or other, to which we are jointly—and I

trust for the whole remainder of our lives—committed.’

There were times, however, when he wished for a larger sphere of responsibility. He had discovered truths which he had no desire to keep to himself, and which he would fain have made known to a larger world than his own college. And when the chair of Philosophy of Mind and Logic in University College, London, fell vacant, he sent in his name as a candidate.

University College was within a stone’s throw of his own lecture room, and already some of its students attended his classes. If the election had been decided by ability alone, he would have secured the post, but unfortunately, bigotry appeared in a strange form. There were men on the senate of the College, who, professing no religion themselves, were anxious to exclude every minister of religion from the professorships. These combined with those who held orthodox views, and together they were able to reject Mr. Martineau. One of the professors, Augustus de Morgan, the great mathematician, was so shocked at the reasons given for the rejection, that he at once resigned his position in the College.

Mr. Martineau bore his disappointment

without any bitterness, and continued his work of teaching in Manchester New College with unabated zeal. He had never sought publicity of life or popularity. His interest had lain in Truth and the discovery of Truth, not in having a large audience.

The death of Mr. Tayler, which occurred in 1869, was one of the heaviest losses he sustained in life. 'Prolonged years,' he afterwards wrote to Mr. Tayler's daughter, 'have brought me many new friendships; I am grateful for them and rejoice in them. But nothing can compare with the love and reverence that bound me to your father and can never cease to make everything precious to me that recalls his image.'

Mr. Martineau was now appointed Principal of the College, and one of his own students, the Rev. James Drummond, became the new Professor. Though the new Principal was in his sixty-fifth year, he was able to work with those of a younger generation. He kept his mind bright, and active, and ever open to new ideas. As he prepared for the last march of duty, he found himself moving step by step with those who were just entering the field.

Naturally, the students looked up to him with reverence. When they entered the

lecture room for the first time, they were impressed by his personality, and further acquaintance deepened that impression. Wherever he was—in his professor's chair, in the pulpit, or at the Sunday School superintendent's desk—old and young were inspired by the loftiness of soul that looked out from his features: his very presence seemed like a benediction: and the students who came into daily contact with him discovered new powers, both of intellect and of character, growing in themselves. They saw that in him there was nothing little; that even into the smallest duties he infused the divinest grace, and under his touch the lowliest things received a new and heavenlier meaning. They felt that while here was a strong man, in whom they could confide and from whom they could win faith in the hardest trials and saddest experiences of life, they could not trouble so lofty a spirit with any trifling difficulty. Sometimes they discovered too late that he had a most sympathetic heart for every one of them, and that nothing which concerned their welfare was insignificant to him. 'The students,' he wrote, 'with and for whom I have so long lived, can never know (for the things closest to my heart I have a natural shrinking

from setting forth) how they have been and are the great objects of interest and affection to me in life.'

They left the College and took up their work, with the feeling that they had been privileged not only to learn from a master-mind, but also to be influenced by a noble soul. They realized something of the affection he had for them, when at the close of their college career, he addressed his farewell words to them: and they went forth strengthened through knowing that he had delighted to give special personal attention to them. And he helped them afterwards in their ministry, for while he always limited his correspondence as much as possible, he would often send to them long affectionate letters, in which they could see how glad he was to keep in touch with them.

It happened one year that no student was leaving the College, to whom words of farewell were to be addressed. Forty-five of his old students signed an earnest appeal, requesting him to speak once more, directly to them. He responded gladly: and the occasion was so great an inspiration to him, that he delivered one of his most striking utterances. The subject of the address was '*Loss and Gain in Recent Theology.*'

The great seats of learning gradually began to recognize his scholarship, and to discover he was worthy of the highest honours they could give. America first showed its estimation of his merit : the University of Harvard conferred on him in 1872 the degree of LL.D. (Doctor of Laws). It was a surprise to him, when the University of Leyden, celebrating its three-hundredth anniversary, asked him, as one of the most distinguished English scholars, to accept the degree of S.T.D. (Doctor of Sacred Theology). On a similar occasion the University of Edinburgh invited him to receive the degree of D.D. (Doctor of Divinity). And now at last, in 1888, he was to obtain recognition from his own countrymen : the University of Oxford offered him the degree of D.C.L. (Doctor of Civil Law). Professor Bryce, who presented him for its reception, said that Dr. Martineau 'had spent a long life full of dignity, sweetness, and distinguished literary activity.' The Dublin University, also celebrating its three hundredth anniversary, conferred upon him the degree of Litt.D. (Doctor of Letters). Thus five countries showed their indebtedness to his labours as a thinker.

Life in London occasionally brought him into companionship with many illustrious

men. Tennyson suggested to a friend that a society should be formed to fight the growing materialism of the time. It was to include in its membership only those who believed in God. Mr. Martineau was asked to join. He replied that he could not do so, if noble men like Huxley and Tyndall, who did not believe in a personal God, were excluded from it. He desired to fight the growing unbelief, but he was not prepared to fight an enemy who had no opportunity of defending himself. The society was accordingly made broad enough to include these men. It was named 'The Metaphysical Society.' A more remarkable assembly of famous men has seldom, if ever, existed. Gladstone, Ruskin, Tennyson, Huxley, Tyndall, Cardinal Manning, Father Dalgairns, Dr. Ward, Henry Sidgwick, and Martineau were members: they met and discussed together subjects of the highest importance. There was much variety and difference of opinion on the religious subjects introduced for debate. Mr. Martineau took a prominent part in the proceedings, and when the Society dissolved, the minute book was presented to him as a token of thanks for past services. Though opposed in thought, these men became friendly and sympathetic. 'This

was a great surprise,' wrote Professor Huxley. 'We thought at first it would be a case of Kilkenny cats. Hats and coats would be left in the hall before the meeting, but there would be no wearers left after it was over, to put them on again. Instead we came to love each other as brothers. We all expended so much charity that had it been money, we should have been bankrupt.'

Why should we be surprised that these men's regard for each other increased? It is only little men who cannot hold opposite opinions without feeling estranged from one another. A great man will never allow difference of belief to degenerate into dislike of persons.

The subscribers and friends of Manchester New College were desirous of showing their regard for its Principal: they commissioned Mr. Lamport to hand to him privately a large sum of money as a token of their 'gratitude, affection, respect, and admiration.' By arrangement two pieces of silver plate were presented to him. On the plate were engraved the words:—

'Presented, with five thousand guineas, to the Rev. James Martineau, by a large number of his English friends, as a memorial of personal affection, and in grateful acknowledgment of his services in the maintenance of spiritual freedom, in the promotion of

Christian truth, and in the inculcation of that pure morality which is the foundation of private and public virtue and the safeguard of national liberty. June 1872.'

In 1874, owing to the uncertain condition of his health, he felt it his duty to send in his resignation ; but the Trustees of the College, wishing to retain his services, arranged that the Rev. C. B. Upton should become his assistant. The Rev. J. E. Carpenter at the same time succeeded Mr. Russell Martineau in the Hebrew Professorship.

He was to remain at his post for eleven more years : he ceased to be Principal in June, 1885, being succeeded by Dr. Drummond. Addresses were presented to him from his old students—a special one coming from the Hungarian students he had taught,—from the Hungarian Unitarian Church, and from the Trustees of the College. In the various speeches that were made, the same note of affectionate regard for his character, and profound reverence for his scholarship, was struck. He said he had always urged his students to live the strenuous life, and to seek other fields of learning besides those which they liked. He felt that his own day of work was not yet done. 'I quit my post of teacher to take my place among you as an old student.'

CHAPTER X

YOUNG TO THE LAST

I HAVE an idea,' wrote Miss Higginson to Mr. Martineau shortly before their marriage, 'that you and I shall be young at heart to the last day of our lives, how long soever they may be.' Dr. Martineau was a splendid example of an old man who remained young in spirit. After he had passed his eightieth year, we find him full of fresh enthusiasm and hope for the causes and truths which he had advocated and supported throughout life.

He had quitted his post as Principal of Manchester New College to take his place among younger men as a student : he was now to do his best and most lasting work. He had left the professor's desk ; he now took up with greater zeal the author's pen. He once quoted, as applicable to himself, a saying attributed to William the Conqueror, when he was asked by his sons to retire from

the throne in their favour, 'he was not going to undress until he went to bed.' After he was ninety he continued to study both new and old phases of thought, and still sought for clearer and fuller light. He had happily cultivated the habit of throwing himself heart and soul into the work he had in hand. He read systematically; he did not try to learn everything at the same time; he did not go from one subject to another, getting a little knowledge of many things and a mastery of none. It was his nature to be 'a whole man to one thing at a time.'

His bodily activity was no less striking than his mental vigour. He climbed mountains with the young people, and ran upstairs two steps at a time after he was eighty. 'Even at eighty-eight he could be seen threading his way rapidly among the vehicles of Piccadilly; and not until he was ninety could he be persuaded to refrain from jumping off omnibuses in motion.'

In 1893, after a very busy and trying day at the opening of Manchester New College at Oxford (for his college has made its final home there in beautiful buildings), he said to Dr. Drummond 'Now we have nothing left to do but to dance.' He retained all his old love for children, was interested in

their ways, and sent affectionate messages to the sons and daughters of his old students. He had always regarded life as a serious trust, and could never overlook any carelessness or indifference as to its duties and responsibilities. This was the reason why some people thought of him as a melancholy man ; he once spoke of himself as having ‘ a mind with more care for conscience than full joy of faith ’ ; but he had always kept brightness in his heart, and amid many sorrows and disappointments he took care that this should not be diminished.

It is usually one of the sad experiences of old age that friends become fewer, but this was not to be his lot. As years rolled by, the number of those who loved and revered him steadily increased. He received on his birthdays so many gifts of flowers that his house was ‘ turned into a flower garden,’ and letters and presents poured in so abundantly that for several weeks after, he had to spend the time he could spare from his studies in replying to congratulations. Friends in America, Germany, and India, whom he had never seen, remembered April 21st. These many expressions of regard prompted him to write, ‘ I think nothing more delightful than the first step into my ninetieth year.’

On his eighty-third birthday he received a congratulatory address, signed by six hundred and forty-nine of the most famous and scholarly men then living, including Tennyson, Browning, Max Müller, Jowett, Sir John Lubbock, Lecky, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Phillips Brooks, and Ernest Renan. They subscribed their names to the following statement among others equally laudatory :—

‘We admire the simple record of a long life passed in the strenuous fulfilment of duty, in preaching, in teaching the young of both sexes, in writing books of permanent value, a life which has never been distracted by controversy, and in which personal interests and ambitions have never been allowed a place.’

Other celebrated men, who could not affix their names to the whole address, wrote to him expressing their high appreciation of his character, life, and labours. The highest praise is that which comes from those who themselves are praised. Such praise Dr. Martineau received in plenty. The teachers of others looked up to him as their teacher. They received from him thoughts and inspiration, which they passed on to others. Preachers in differing churches, and writers

of various books, publicly acknowledged their indebtedness to him. His mind, working in silence and secrecy, was the force that moulded and sustained the advancing liberal religious thought of his time, and it is still a force, and will continue to be so for many years to come. Teachers and preachers will draw living water from the wells which he has digged. His sphere of influence was larger than he himself knew. Even before his greatest books were published, a friend wrote to him from America in reply to a letter, 'what precisely you mean by "a somewhat larger sphere and better status," I do not know ; but your position in America is worth forty professorships, and I think it must be at home.' Edmund Spenser is called ' the poet's poet ' ; Dr. Martineau has been spoken of as ' the preacher's preacher ' : he might also receive the title of ' the thinker's thinker.'

The cause of religious liberty was always dear to his heart : in its behalf his stoutest battles were waged and his greatest sacrifices were made. We have seen at what cost he declared, in his early days in Dublin, that no one should be compelled to support a religion from which he dissented. He objected also to making any creed the condition of

church fellowship. That had been done in the past with grievous results. The attitude 'you must believe what we believe' had led to the exile of the Huguenots, and the ejection of the Nonconformists. He had been taught religion in the Octagon Chapel—one of the churches founded by the English Presbyterians—who raised their buildings for 'the worship of Almighty God,' and who did not make the acceptance of any creed the condition of entrance into their church membership. He hoped and worked for the time when intellectual and theological differences would not prevent men from bending together in reverence to the Great Father of all.

At one period of his life he was prime mover in the formation of the 'Free Christian Union,' which strove to unite in common work and worship the broad-minded men in the Anglican and Nonconformist Churches. It was a bitter disappointment to him when this movement proved a failure.

Manchester New College was then the only theological college in England which allowed its professors and students to seek freely for truth, and did not insist upon their subscribing to creeds. After he had ceased to be its Principal, he joined a movement to reform

the Church of England, and he fought strenuously against clerical domination in the day schools. When over eighty-three years of age, he travelled to Leeds to address the representatives of the churches to which he belonged, and introduced to them a scheme for their better organization. With masterly eloquence and clearness he spoke for one hour and fifty minutes, and pleaded with them to form themselves into a religious association without a doctrinal name. His desire to unite men in worship and helpful work was a consuming passion in him ; nevertheless he believed each one should be faithful to his beliefs and openly declare them. Say what you believe in plain words, but do not say to others, 'if you do not believe as I do, you shall not belong to my church.' Be honest but tolerant : sincere but large-minded.

Many forms of doctrine have arisen in the Christian Church, both Roman Catholic and Protestant ; many forms of worship have been practised ; but in spite of these differences, the spirit of devotion has bound the generations together. In all ages and in every church there have been men who have caught the true Christian spirit and who would understand one another, despite their diver-

gencies of theological opinion. The language of the saints is the same in all ages, and their spiritual affinities overleap their intellectual differences and bind them together in perfect communion. The hymns written by Keble and Faber and Wesley often express the aspirations of Unitarians, while other churches find that the hymns of Unitarians embody their deepest devotional life. Men of different intellectual power can worship the same God and Father of all ; the scholar and the peasant can pray side by side. Worship and religion must therefore consist in the possession of a spirit which is vital to all and available for all.

Dr. Martineau acknowledged these facts. In one of the controversies on the question he wrote : ' I am conscious that my deepest obligations, as a learner from others, are in almost every department to writers not of my own creed.' That, however, did not make him hold less tenaciously to his theological convictions, though it made him believe all the more deeply that communion of spirit is not dependent on intellectual agreement. In his last days he occasionally found his way into various churches and worshipped in the same temple as men from whom, theologically, he was as far asunder as the poles. His prin-

ciple was that while as individuals they held to their creeds and as societies they formed themselves into schools of thought, as a Church of the Living God they should find the basis of union in spiritual sympathy. He was saddened to discover that others, even those who called him their leader, could not accept his views on this question.

It was during his eighties that he published the books which give him an important and permanent place in the literature and philosophy of his country. In 1882 had appeared *A Study of Spinoza*, which revealed the richness and depth of his mind, but his chief works were still to find their way to the press. Some of his friends knew that he was writing his *Types of Ethical Theory* and his *Study of Religion*, and they feared lest the strength of the hard-worked brain should fail before these books were finished.

The risk was great. At his time of life he could not look forward to many years on earth. Why, then, did he delay so long before writing and publishing the results of his patient study and thought? The answer is, because he strove to be a perfect workman. He was unwilling to send into the world any book, which could not stand the severest assaults of criticism. He knew that a weak defence of

morality and religion often does incalculable harm, awakening doubts in some minds, and deepening scepticism in others. So with minute care he examined every argument and sentence, and made what he had to say clear and convincing. His life is a standing reproof to those who do not put their best efforts into their tasks, and do not accomplish the work God has given them to do. When a special deputation, bringing an address from the Provincial Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire, waited on him, at his home in Scotland, and requested that he would once more preach before them, he replied, 'I am engaged on the revision of my two works, *Types of Ethical Theory* and *A Study of Religion*, and I have instructed my daughters that if I die before it is completed, they are to burn every page.' Such was his belief in THOROUGHNESS.

Happily the former of these books appeared in 1885 and the latter in 1888 ; and they were greeted with expressions of relief by his friends, and with joy by leaders of religious thought. In the '*Types of Ethical Theory*,' after examining various moral theories that had been held by those who had written before him, and after giving a list of human springs of action in their order of

merit, placing the Primary Sentiment of Reverence first, and the Secondary Passions—Censoriousness, Vindictiveness, Suspiciousness—lowest, he laid down the following valuable rule :—

‘ Every action is RIGHT, which, in the presence of a lower principle, follows a higher : every action is WRONG, which, in presence of a higher principle, follows a lower.’

‘ The action of the missionaries of mercy—whether of a Florence Nightingale to the stricken bodies, or of a Columban, a Boniface, a Livingstone to the imperilled souls of men—is right, because the compassion which inspires it is nobler than any love of ease or of self-culture that would resist it. The act of the manufacturer of adulterated or falsely labelled goods is wrong, because done in compliance with an inferior incentive, against the protest of superiors, good faith and reverence for truth.’

In 1890 many were surprised to see another book from his pen, *The Seat of Authority in Religion*, written with all his accustomed mental clearness and power.

The most remarkable fact about these books is that they show he was not afflicted with that spirit of stolid adherence to early-formed opinions, which is often the bane of

old men, but retained his freshness of judgment and openness of mind, along with the maturity that comes from larger knowledge.

The Seat of Authority was followed by four volumes of his collected Essays; *Home Prayers* (1891); and a delightful little book of sermons, *Faith and Self Surrender* (1897).

His work was now finished, but he was still possessed by the passionate desire for knowledge. In the mornings he regularly went into his study and sat at his desk, though he sometimes fell asleep over the book before him. He was glad to see the faces of his old friends, to whom he gave a hearty welcome. He spent his summers in his Scottish home at Aviemore, named 'The Polchar,' the surroundings of which retained the freshness of their charm for him in his latest years.

In 1877 his noble wife had died. Other sorrows came thickly upon him at the last. Companion after companion departed to the unseen world. His brother minister in Liverpool, John Hamilton Thom; his younger sister, Ellen, the only survivor of the family of Thomas Martineau; and his gifted son, Russell, passed and left his life the poorer. His daughter, Mrs. Leyson Lewis, after spending the Christmas of 1899

with him, returned home to die. The sad news was not broken to him, for he was sinking fast, and he followed her into the nearer presence of God on January 11th, 1900. Friends and students gathered from far and near, to see the body laid to rest in the Highgate Cemetery, beside that of his wife.

A beautiful statue of Dr. Martineau, in white marble, the work of Mr. Hope-Pinker, was placed in the library of Manchester College, Oxford, during his lifetime. It faces a portrait of him by G. F. Watts, R.A. An excellent portrait by Mr. A. E. Emslie now hangs in Essex Hall, London. A memorial building is to be erected near the Octagon Chapel, Norwich, in which he worshipped as a boy, and other memorials are to be found in the Hope Street Church, Liverpool, and Little Portland Street Chapel, London.

It may be long before men recognize how great a teacher and prophet he was, but his position in the history of thought is not difficult to estimate. As Francis of Assisi was prominent in the religious revival of the Middle Ages, Martin Luther in the German Reformation, John Henry Newman in the Tractarian Movement, so James Martineau stood out in the conflict between

materialistic science and spiritual religion in the nineteenth century. In an age of doubt and scepticism, he proved himself the powerful and able champion of spiritual truth. 'At critical moments,' writes Dr. Fairbairn, 'the name of James Martineau was a tower of strength to the feeble, and his words, like Luther's, were not only half battles, but equal to whole victories.'

The service he rendered to religious philosophy was undoubtedly his greatest contribution. Fifty years ago, many men supposed that the foundations of religion had been completely undermined by the discoveries of physical science, and that no rational grounds for believing in God, the soul, and immortality existed. Many Christian preachers conceded the point, and opposed no argument to the assertions and deductions of science. They were not all dismayed: some were even delighted. The rational basis of religion being destroyed, all the greater became the proof that religion, which was evidently uplifting, was supernatural in its origin, and all the more pressing the need for seeking the mainstay of the spiritual life in an inspired revelation. Instead of making science the handmaid of religion, some Christian men were glad to consider her

an outcast. Others, finding religion had lost the support of the intellect, turned to the heart. This attitude was beautifully expressed by Tennyson in *In Memoriam*.

That which we dare invoke to bless :
Our dearest faith : our ghastliest doubt ;
He, They, One, All : within, without ;
The Power in darkness whom we guess ;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;
Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice 'believe no more,'
And heard an ever breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered 'I have felt.'

This may be called the refuge of the mystic ; but the appeal to life and experience is neither without its helpfulness nor its truth. But Martineau saw that the objections of the intellect must be met with the weapons of the intellect, and he set himself the task of examining and testing the statements of materialistic science. And as a result, he proved that there were intellectual

grounds for trusting the simple verities of the soul. He thus rendered a service to religious thought, and carried light and hope to many who were perplexed and despairing.

Before he died he had finished well the work God had given him to do. As Dr. Stopford Brooke writes : ' His life and work were a complete whole—a web woven closely throughout, and finished to the last flower in the pattern. What pleased him when he was young, what he projected then, he carried through in a long and active life ; moving onward to the end.

From well to better, daily self-surpast.

He, in his humility, was not likely to think of his completeness, but we think of it. . . . It is good indeed to think of it, admire it, and love the man who realized it. And it is still better to think that he, who never thought his work complete—that high and aspiring spirit—rejoices now, with infinite energies, in the vaster work God gives him in the illimitable universe of love.'

THE END.

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